

## SUGARTREE RIDGE.

March 2, 1914

Homer Marlott and Louis Long spent Saturday night in Winchester.

J. H. Boyd and wife spent on Friday until Saturday in Hillsboro.

Misses May Lewis, Ruth Hoss and Ruby Boyd spent Wednesday night with Lew Igo and family.

George Marlott, of Winchester, returned home Saturday, after a week's visit with relatives here.

Mrs. J. H. Boyd took dinner with her sister, Mrs. Jas. Long, Friday.

Mrs. Reuben Doggett, is suffering severely from a sprained wrist.

Miss Amy Igo called on Lillian Askren Saturday afternoon.

Misses Maud and Marie Burris, of Miller's Chapel, spent Saturday afternoon at this place and were accompanied home by Miss Mae Lewis.

J. H. Boyd and family, Ralph Edmonson and wife, C. M. Igo and wife, Charles and Mella Shaw, of near Bethel, took dinner with John Shaw and family Sunday.

D. C. Askren and family spent Saturday night with Mrs. Jas. Housland.

Thos. Shaw called on Lew Igo and family Sunday afternoon.

J. H. Boyd and family will move soon to O. H. Hughes' farm near Marshall.

Mrs. Sarah McCormick, of Miller's Chapel, spent Wednesday with Lew Igo and family.

The Debate given at the school house here last Friday night was well attended.

## PULSE.

Miss Lola Roush, of Buford, spent Saturday and Sunday with Ruth Roush.

Frank and Grover Judy, of Sylvan Dell, Ky., were guests of S. M. Taylor and family, Saturday.

Lewis Allen, wife and two children were guests of Ed Rhoades and family, Saturday.

F. C. Pulse, wife and sons were guests Sunday of F. O. Pulse and family.

The Ministerial Institute will be held at Harwood, beginning on Tuesday evening, March 10, continuing until Wednesday night, March 11.

Chas. Chaney, of Glenwood, Ind., was the guest of Rev. Hoggatt and family, Friday night.

Rev. W. V. Miller is holding a protracted meeting at Higginsport, O.

Walter Rhoades, wife and daughter, of Fincastle, were guests of Frank Rhoades and family, Friday.

Wm. Rhoades, wife and daughter, of Five Mile, were guests of Ed Rhoades and wife, Thursday.

John King was the guest of P. H. Shaffer and family, Tuesday night.

Irvin Shaffer and wife, of Pricetown, were guests of Ed Rhoades and wife, Saturday.

## HARRISBURG.

March 2, 1914.

Homer Carr and sister, Clara, visited their uncle, Chas. Euverard, at Stringtown, last Tuesday. Mr. Euverard is confined to the house with paralysis.

Born to Ira Haynes and wife the 20th a girl baby.

Clyde Shelton and family called on H. L. Harris and family Sunday.

S. R. Rhoades and sons transacted business at Hollowtown Saturday.

Homer Sanders and family and Benton Vance and wife spent Thursday at Swine Valley, the guest of John Booth and family.

D. E. Vance and family were the guests of Homer Sanders and family.

Walter Hamilton and family were the guests of Benton Vance and wife Sunday.

Minnie Vance entertained at dinner Thursday the following guests: Dr. Hollingsworth and wife and son, Ralph, A. M. Roush and wife, Annie Eakins and son, Ellsworth, of New Market, C. D. Harris and wife, Grant McConaha and wife and T. R. Vance and wife. The evening was spent pleasantly with vocal and instrumental music.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Harris had as their guests Thursday Mr. Welty, Mr. and Mrs. Willson, Chas. Simbro and family all of Pleasant Hill.

Harry Eakins and Reese Roberts were here last week buying the farmer's stock.

L. O. Warne's house caught fire Friday night, but was extinguished without much loss.

## COMING!

One car of Shelled Corn, 70c per bu. on track.

**RICHARDS MILL**

## The Amazons

A Story Showing How a Story Came to Be Written

By EMMA BLAKE

"What's this, Cartwright?" asked Mr. Chandler, managing partner of the firm of Chandler Bros., publishers. "This manuscript comes from Haythorn Hayes. I didn't understand when he went away that he had an unpublished novel finished."

"Nor I, sir. Nevertheless this manuscript has been sent us by express, and a letter has come by mail with regard to it."

Mr. Cartwright handed his employer a type written letter, which read as follows:

Messrs. Chandler Bros.: Dear Sirs—On the eve of my departure I find a manuscript, which I send you by express. It was written some time ago and laid aside until I should have made a market for it by other work more likely to be accepted by a wider though perhaps lower grade of readers. I have no time to enter further into particulars. Perhaps you will use it during my absence. Very truly yours, H. H.

Mr. Chandler read the letter and looked puzzled.

"Do you think there is anything wrong about it?" asked Cartwright.

"I don't know that there is. If on either the manuscript or the letter there was a scrap of Hayes' writing I would like it better. However, you may have the story read and if there is a marked difference between its style and that of his other works let me know."

The reader reported that there was a considerable difference between the style of "The Aeronaut" and that of Mr. Hayes' other works. There was a crudity in it that indicated he had written it before he had had much practice.

Chandler Bros. were in a quandary. They had published two novels for Haythorn Hayes under his initials, "H. H.," with very good success. They had advised him to print his full name on the title page, and he had ignored their advice to his sorrow, for with success came a desire to be known as a successful author. But since "H. H." was well known to the public and Haythorn Hayes was not, a novel by the latter would not reap the benefit of the advertising of one by the former. He was therefore obliged to continue to publish under his initials.

"There's no hope of reaching Hayes," said the head of the publishing firm. "He has gone up the Amazon river to find the legendary amazon women, who he believes have or have had a real existence, with a view to writing a story about them. If we don't publish this 'Aeronaut' we'll doubtless offend him, and when he returns some rival firm will get his Amazon novel. Put the book in press and advertise largely that it is forthcoming. We must make sure of the story he is after, and the best way to do so is to put him under obligations to us by buying this 'Aeronaut' story."

"The Aeronaut" was offered to the publishers late in the autumn and was rushed through for the spring trade. A paragraph in a literary journal had announced Mr. Hayes' departure with a view to getting material for a unique novel, and his publishers occasionally jogged the memory of the public by an item as to the singular possibilities of such a theme.

However, when "The Aeronaut" appeared it very soon became manifest that it must stand on its own merits. Being unlike Mr. Hayes' other works, it did not appeal especially to his admirers. For some time it looked as though it would be a failure. Those dealers who had bought copies with the privilege of returning those that were unsold began to send them in by the hundreds.

"Never mind," said Mr. Chandler, "we'll make it all up on the Amazon deal."

But one day there came a call for more copies of "The Aeronaut" by a prominent dealer, which was followed by new orders from other booksellers. There was evidently a call for the work on the part of the public. It was not long before the fact was recognized that the sale of the book had taken a start. The start became a demand and the demand became a clamor from the dealers to supply the public. The sale of "The Aeronaut" far surpassed that of any of Mr. Hayes' other works and increased his reputation tenfold.

Chandler Bros. thought it a good opportunity to make advertising capital of the fact that no one knew who "H. H." was. They therefore had an item inserted in a newspaper stating that he was a prominent playwright named Henry Harbeson. Mr. Harbeson denied the charge. Another item named another man, and it was not long before half a dozen prominent persons were trying to put off an honor that did not belong to them. Chandler Bros. chuckled and refused positively to give the name of the real author.

Meanwhile Haythorn Hayes was hunting for the amazons in the interior of South America. Nothing came from him for a year, at the end of which time he reappeared at the mouth of the river from the Amazonas province of Brazil and reported that he had found traces of the amazon women. But he would give no particulars. Chandler Bros. made as much of the news as possible and eagerly looked for his return to his home.

One morning he appeared, bronzed

by the equatorial sun, in the office of his publishers.

"Well, Hayes," said Mr. Chandler when the greetings were over, "we've been making hay while the sun wasn't shining. Ha, ha! While you have been lost in Brazil we have been reaping a big profit for you out of your 'Aeronaut'."

"That's a very good joke," replied the author, "but I don't know what you mean by 'The Aeronaut'."

"Why, the novel you sent us at the time you were leaving. We have a check for some \$12,000 for you for royalties."

"I sent you no manuscript as I was leaving, and I have never heard of a novel called 'The Aeronaut'."

The two Chandler brothers and the junior partner, who were standing about smiling benignly upon the famous author, suddenly lowered the corners of their mouths and looked at each other.

"Nonsense, old fellow," said Chandler senior. "Your modesty has always stood in your way. You've written the biggest thing of the year. I hope you're not going to deny it."

Nevertheless Mr. Hayes maintained his denial and finally got the story of how the manuscript came to the firm. Its doubts about the identity of the author and other information he called for a copy of the book, took it home with him and did not pause after beginning till he had finished it. The next day he returned to the publishing house, was closeted with the head of the firm and said:

"Mr. Chandler, it does not reflect much credit on your house that you did not realize on reading this work that I had not the ability to write it. I haven't either the imagination or the ingenuity. Moreover, you should have known that it was not written by a man and that it was written by a woman. Some one endeavored to get it through by using my initials and succeeded, with a result far above anything I am capable of attaining. But what surprises me is that whoever the impostor may be she has not attempted to reap the pecuniary reward arising through her imposture."

"Wait," replied Mr. Chandler. "That will come in time."

After a prolonged interview Mr. Hayes departed, having obtained a promise that if the impostor were discovered he should be notified before any action in the premises was taken. A month later the author received a telephone message that if he would call at the office of Chandler Bros. he would hear something of the imposture that had been practiced on him and on the firm. On arrival Mr. Chandler said to him:

"A lady named Helen Herbert some time ago published through us a little book of poems, on which we lost some money. Since then we have heard nothing from her till this morning, when we received this note."

He handed the note to Mr. Hayes, who read:

Messrs. Chandler Bros.: Dear Sirs—On my departure for Africa about a year ago, where I have been with a view to investigating whether the pygmies there are the same as mentioned by the historian Herodotus, I sent you the manuscript of a novel called 'The Aeronaut,' hoping that you might use it during my absence. On a railway train I purchased a copy of the book published with your imprint. Why did you put my initials on the title page instead of giving my full name? I hear the story has been very generally read, and if you have anything in the way of royalties to my credit I should be obliged if you would send me a check. Cordially yours, HELEN HERBERT.

Mr. Hayes looked up at Mr. Chandler and met that gentleman's eyes fixed on him with a singular expression.

"This beats any theme I ever worked up," remarked the author.

"It's the old story of truth being stranger than fiction."

"And we stupids could only interpret the mystery as an imposture."

"No imposture at all, nothing but a commonplace occurrence."

"If you are about to send the lady a check I beg you to make me your messenger."

"Certainly."

Mr. Chandler tapped a bell and called for a check for the balance of Miss Herbert's account. It amounted to more than \$14,000. Mr. Hayes took it and later called at the address the author had given. When she appeared Mr. Hayes found her to be about twenty-six years old, comely and with an intellectual head.

"I have a check for you for royalties on your 'Aeronaut,'" he said, handing it to her, "from Chandler Bros. They published it at your request, signed H. H. thinking I had written it. Had your name instead of my initials been attached to it, it would not have been published and might not have got the start required to make it a success."

"That being the case," said the lady, "this money belongs to you. I will make it payable to your order."

"It does not belong to me, for I could not have written the story. It is beyond my capabilities."

"But if the story was accepted on account of my initials being mistaken for yours and got its start from the same cause I have been banking on your capital."

"And I doubtless have received much credit from your novel. It seems to me that we are both fortunate through an error. The immediate benefit, the cash for royalties, is yours; mine will come later."

He handed her the check, and the first part of the partnership was closed.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance that produced that remarkable collaboration "The Amazon," a novel requiring the delicate touch of a woman, while the local color was supplied by one who had visited the wild country in which the scene of the story was laid. It was followed by "The Pygmies," which met with equal success.

## A TRIP TO THE MOON.

One Scientist at Least Thinks It Will Be Made Some Day.

Jules Verne was a scientific man, and many regard his fiction stories of submarine and aerial flight—which at the time they were published seemed wild dreams—as a serious prediction of what he believed would be accomplished. As a matter of fact he did live to see the submarine an accepted arm of two navies, and the Wrights were well advanced toward success before he died. There remains his "Trip to the Moon," which seems absolutely impossible of accomplishment. Nevertheless, there are scientific men who dare to reach out into space and chart a pathway to other worlds.

One of these, M. Ernest Archdeacon, who ranks among the foremost authorities in France on aviation, predicts our present aviation machines, which at best could not encircle the earth in less than eight days, will be abandoned for air craft which will glide the globe in sixty-six minutes. "All the peoples of the earth will then form a sole and single nation."

Man, insatiable in his ambition, is contemplating interplanetary flight, and M. Esnault Pelterie believes the vehicle will be a self propelled rocket (Verne again) with a speed of seven miles a second, which is estimated to be sufficient velocity to carry the projectile beyond the zone of terrestrial attraction. At this rate the moon would be reached in less than ten hours—assuming of course the vehicle was not melted long before by the heat generated in its terrific flight. Radium is suggested as a possible motive power.

The idea of interplanetary flight from our present viewpoint seems of course impossible. However, the submarine was 400 years in developing. M. Archdeacon says, "I am convinced that in a certain number of centuries the inhabitants of all the planets will have made acquaintance with one another, and I foresee the day when a world's interplanetary congress will be held."—H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## STATIC ELECTRICITY.

It is All Around Us Always and Plays Queer Pranks at Times.

Static electricity seems to be everywhere. We are quite surrounded by it on all sides. It is in the earth, the air, in our clothes, on the books, the rug and the walls. It sticks the papers together on the desk. It attracts feathers and bits of lint to metal and glass. It leaps from our fingers when we touch metal objects. Now and then a crackling noise will be heard when the coat is being taken off. A woolen skirt or sweater drawn quickly over the head will produce crackling sparks. By shuffling the dry feet over the carpet a considerable spark can be obtained from the fingers.

Bear in mind that static electricity is not the kind that is used to light the electric lamps in the house. Very little work has ever been found for static electricity. It is a worthless vagabond delighting in mad pranks. In the form of lightning it dashes down from the sky, searing honest folk nearly to death, often doing considerable damage. It frequently visits the press room in large printing establishments and sticks the sheets of paper together until the presses have to be stopped. It gathers on the yarns and threads in textile mills, knotting and tangling them, and is always in mischief.

It is easy enough to prove the presence of static electricity. Rub a bit of amber, glass, hard rubber or sealing wax with a silk handkerchief or a piece of woolen cloth, and it will attract bits of paper and small particles of metal. When we stroke the cat's back this static electricity collects very rapidly. It snaps and crackles and flashes as it discharges between our fingers and the animal's fur. This display of static electricity is nothing more or less than a miniature thunder shower—without the rain.—From Harper's "Beginning Electricity," by Don Cameron Shaffer.

## Quality of Humor.

A famous definition of the quality of humor is this: "For this humor is an adjunct divine; it is a value of life; it makes for greater things than clean laughter from the lungs. It is the root of tolerance, the proof of patience; it suffers long and is kind; serves to tune each little life harmony with the heart harmony about it; keeps the heart of man sweet, his soul modest. And at the end, when the light thickens and the mesh grows tight, humor can shape the suffering vigils of the sleepless, can soften pain, can brighten the ashy road to death."

## Hard to Say.

"If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being a quarter a basket, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked the new teacher.

"You never can tell," answered Tommy, who was at the head of the class. "Ma's great at bargaining!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

## What He Imagines.

"Is he conceited?" "I wouldn't put it that way. But I do know that every time he writes a check he imagines that the grocer is going to have it framed and hung up just to show his signature."—Detroit Free Press.

## Puzzled.

Bix—Can you lend me \$5 for a month, old boy? Dix—What the deuce does a month old boy want with \$5?—Boston Transcript.

There is nothing more frightful than ignorance in action.—Goethe.

## IN HER BEST CLOTHES

By JANE WATHY.

"Auntie! Auntie! Come back and let me kiss my booful auntie," pleaded Angelica, hanging over the balustrade at the top of the stairs.

Miss Creston, touched by this unwonted display of affection on the part of her small niece, ran back up the stairs to receive the embrace of two small bare arms.

"Now, can I give a little weeny stroke to my booful auntie's booful plume?" asked Angelica in saccharine tones.

"Well, if you'll touch it very gently," consented auntie, with misgivings, but fearful of chilling her young relative's melting mood. "There, there, dear, that will do," as she felt a none too light touch on the top of her hat and her mind was invaded by visions of disaster to her cherished plume.

With a last hasty embrace Miss Creston turned away and ran down the stairs to her waiting escort.

Young Coleman regarded her with the undisguised, if somewhat quizzical admiration which is the accepted masculine attitude toward the entirely up-to-date woman in her best clothes.

"I'm afraid that we'll have to hurry a little," he said. "Angelica delayed the game somewhat."

"Yes, I know it," said Miss Creston, "but the poor child is so perfectly impish that we always try to encourage anything like softness in her."

Miss Creston was aware of creating a mild sensation when they boarded the crowded elevated train, popular interest appearing to center in her hat.

"It certainly is the most becoming hat I have had for a long time," she thought, complacently sinking with a gracious bow into the seat which a polite young man yielded to her. "And the plume is a beauty, if it did cost a small fortune."

Most of the people were in their seats when Miss Creston and her escort arrived at the theater. A somewhat flustered young usher seized their checks, bounded along the aisle before them and slammed down two seats.

They had just settled themselves comfortably and Miss Creston was raising her hands to remove her hat when the usher reappeared, followed by another couple.

"Kin I see your checks, please?" the flustered usher asked.

Young Coleman fumbled through his pockets and at length was able to exhibit the checks.

"They steered you down the wrong aisle," the usher informed them cheerfully. "Your seats are over on the other side."

Amid smiling apologies on both sides they rose and yielded their places to the other couple, then traversed the long aisle to the back of the house, crossed over and proceeded down the opposite side.

"I am so glad, thought Miss Creston, as they made their conspicuous progress through the house, that my clothes are all right—especially my hat. People always notice hats so."

When young Coleman and the usher had carefully verified the location of their places Miss Creston seated herself and raised her hands to remove her hat.

She extracted four hatpins and began to fumble for the fifth.

"Why—where's my other hatpin?" she murmured, groping about the crown on her hat with her fingers.

"Well, what—"

Her hand encountered an unfamiliar object at one side of the crown, a clanny, yielding something which caused her to give a last frantic, and this time successful, clutch at the missing hatpin.

"Angelica! What has that child been doing to my hat?" was the thought that flashed through her mind as she snatched off the headgear and laid it upon her lap.

Skillfully entangled in the filigree work of her hatpin was one medium-sized, slightly damp bath sponge.

"Oh!" Miss Creston turned to her escort with fire in her eyes. "Why didn't you tell me it was there, instead of letting me parade all over creation with that thing in my hat?" she demanded.

The young man turned an injured countenance upon her. "Don't you suppose I would have told you if I hadn't thought it belonged there?" he asked. "I give you my word of honor that I supposed it was some new kind of pompon, or chou chou, or whatever your girls call them. Anyway," as the lights were lowered and the hum of voices about them died down, "you'd look prettier in a hat trimmed all over with bath sponges than any other woman would with a bird of paradise on hers!"

## Airman's Dream.

M. Esnault Pelterie, one of the best-known aviation experts, is of the opinion that the day will come when communication between the earth and the moon and stars will be possible in aeroplanes.

Providing that radium is one day found in larger quantities and that some way of harnessing its energies is discovered by scientists, he calculates that an aeroplane weighing a ton should be able to cover the 238,800 miles which separate the earth and the moon in three hours and five minutes.

About 800 pounds of radium would be necessary to provide the fuel for the journey. At the current price, about \$10,000,000 worth would be required.

Trips to certain of the stars he considers equally practicable.

## Peoples' Column

FOR SALE.

Farm and Town property always for sale. Money loaned on Real Estate. WADE TURNER, Merchants Bank Bldg.

D. Leadbetter, real estate, fire insurance and pensions. Office 134 S. High street.

FOR SALE—Good farm horse, eight year old. B. W. Muntz, Hillsboro, O.

FOR SALE—Beech frame lumber. R. H. Pope, R. D. No. 8, Hillsboro, Ohio. Bell Phone. (312) adv

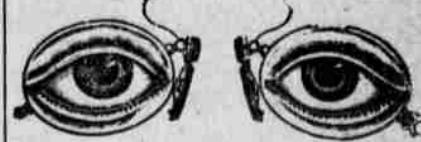
FOR SALE—Second handed slightly used and new automobiles, also tires and accessories. SCOTT SKERN, S. High St. Hillsboro, O.

FOR SALE—Clover and timothy hay, baled, and baled fodder, by the bale, ton or car load.

MOSES PRARCE, Hillsboro, Ohio.

(3-5)

FOR SALE—Farm of 39.5-16 acres in Union township, 11-2 half miles north of Russell. Good house, large barn, out buildings, orchard. Township ditch through center of farm. No waste land. Fertile soil. Possession given at once. Expect to sell by April. A good bargain for a home seeker of moderate means. J. W. WATTS, the owner, Hillsboro, O.



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